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POETRY.

A POET'S REASONS.

I sing because I love to sing;
Because instinctive fancies move;
Because it hurts no earthly thing,
Because it pleases some I love.

Because it cheats night's weary hours,
Because it cheers the brightest day;
Because, like prayer, and light, and flowers,
It helps me on my heavenly way.

Because with peals of happy words
I would exorcise morbid care;
Because a touch of deeper chords
May tune a heart to love and prayer.

Because all sounds of human fate
Within my heart an echo find;
Because what'er is good or great
Lets loose the music of my mind.

Because above the changing skies
The spirit saith good angels sing,
Because wherever sunshine lies
The woods and waves with music ring.

Because amid earth's Babel noise
All happy things that go or come
Give to their grateful hearts a voice;
Then why should I alone be dumb.

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

(CONTINUED.)

HACO AND THE PROPHETESS.

At length he cleared the town and the bridge, and the yellowing orchards drooping over the road toward the Roman home, when, as he spurred his steed, he heard behind him hoofs as in pursuit, looked back, and beheld Haco. He drew rein, "What wantest thou, my nephew?"

"Thee," answered Haco, briefly, as he gained his side. "thy companionship."

"Thanks, Haco; but I pray thee to stay in my mother's house, for I would fain ride alone."

Spurn me not from thee, Harold! This England is to me the land of the stranger in thy mother's house I feel but the more the orphan. Henceforth I have devoted to thee my life! And my life may I lead and dread father hath left to thee as a doom or a blessing; wherefore cleave I to thy side, cleave we in life and in death to each other!

A certain cheerless thrill shot through the ear's heart as the youth spoke thus; and a remembrance that Haco's counsel first induced him to abandon his natural hardy and gallant manhood meet wife by will, and thus suddenly entangled him in his own meshes, had already mingled an inexpressible bitterness with his pity and affection for his brother's son. But struggling against that uneasy sentiment, as unjust to one to whose counsel he owed his safety and deliverance, he replied gently,

"I accept thy trust, and thy love, Haco. Ride with me; but pardon a dull comrade, for when the soul communes with itself the lip is silent."

"True," said Haco, "and I am no babler. Three things are ever silent, Thought, Destiny, and the Grave."

Each, then, pursuing his own fancies, rode on fast and side by side; the long shadows of declining day struggling with a sky of unusual brightness, and thrown from the dim forest trees and the distant hills. Alternately through shade and through light rode they on; the hills gazing on them from belt and glade, and the boom of the bittern sounding in its peculiar mournfulness of tone as it rose from the dank pools that glistened in the western sun.

It was always by the rear of the house, where stood the ruined temple, so associated with the romance of his life, that Harold approached the home of the Vala; and as now the hillock, with its melancholy diadem of stones, came in view, Haco for the first time broke the silence.

"Again—as in a dream!" he said abruptly. "Hill ruin, grave-mound—but where is the tall image of the mighty one?"

"Hast thou then seen this spot before?" asked the earl.

"Yea, as an infant here was I led by my father Sweyn; here too, from thy house yonder, dim seen through the fading leaves, on the eve before I left this land for the Norman, here did I wander alone, and there, by that altar did the great Vala of the North chant her runes for my future."

"Alas! thou too," murmured Harold, and then he asked aloud, "what said she?"

"That thy life and mine crossed each other in the skein; that I should save thee from a great peril and share with thee a greater."

"Ah youth," answered Harold bitterly, "these vain prophecies of human wit guard the soul from no danger. They mislead us by riddles which our hot hearts interpret according to their own desires. Keep thou fast to youth's simple wisdom, and trust only to the pure spirit and the watchful God."

He suppressed a groan as he spoke, and springing from his steed, which he left loose, advanced up the hill. When he had gained the height he halted, and made sign to Haco, who had also dismounted, to do the same. Half way down the side of the slope which faced the ruined peristyle, Haco beheld a maiden, still young, and of beauty far surpassing all that the court of Normandy boasted of female loveliness. She was seated on the sward; while a girl younger, and scarcely indeed grown into womanhood, reclined at her feet, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, seemed hushed in listening attention. In the face of the younger girl Haco recognized Thyra, the last-born of Githa, though he had but once seen her before—the day on he left England for the Norman court—for the face of the girl was but little changed, save that the eye was more mournful and the cheek was pale.

And Harold's betrothed was singing, in the still autumn air, to Harold's sister. The song chosen was on that subject the most popular with the Saxon poets, the mystic life, death, and resurrection of the fabled Phoenix. As the lay ceased, Thyra said:

"Ah, Edith, who would not brave the funeral pyre to live again like the phoenix?"

"Sweet sister mine," answered Edith, "the singer doth mean to image out in the phoenix, the rising of our Lord, in whom we all live again."

And Thyra said mournfully—

"But the phoenix sees once more the haunts of his youth—the things and places dear to him in his life before. Shall we do the same, O Edith?"

"It is the persons we love that make beautiful the haunts we have known," answered the betrothed. "Those persons at least we shall behold again, and wherever they are—there is heaven."

Harold could restrain himself no longer. With one bound he was at Edith's side, and with one wild cry of joy he clasped her to his heart.

"I knew thou wouldst come to night—I knew it, Harold," murmured the betrothed,

While, full of themselves, Harold and Edith wandered, hand in hand, through the neighboring glades—

while, into that breast which had forestalled, at least in this pure and divine union, the wife's privilege to sooth and console, the strong man poured out the tale of the sore trial from which he had passed with defeat and shame—Haco drew near to Thyra, and sat down by her side. Each was strangely attracted towards the other; there was something congenial in the gloom which they shared in common; though in the girl the sadness was soft and resigned, in the youth it was stern and solemn.

And as the stars rose, Harold and Edith joined them. Harold's face was serene in the starlight, for

the pure soul of his betrothed had breathed peace into his own, and in his waking superstition, he felt as if, now restored to his guardian angel, the dead men's bones had released her unshattered hold.

But suddenly Edith's hand trembled in his, and her form shuddered. Her eyes were fixed upon those of Haco.

"Forgive me, young kinsman, that I forgot thee so long," said the earl. "This is my brother's son, Edith; thou hast not, that I remember, seen him before?"

"Yes, yes," said Edith falteringly.

"When, and where?"

Edith's soul answered the question, "*In a dream;*" but her lips were silent.

And Haco rising, took her by the hand, while the earl turned to his sister—that sister whom he was pledged to send to the Norman court; and Thyra said plaintively—

"Take me in thine arms, Harold, and wrap thy mantle round me, for the air is cold."

The earl lifted the child to his breast, and gazed on her cheek long, and questioning her tenderly, he took her within the house; and Edith followed with Haco.

"Is Hilda within?" asked the son of Sweyn.

"Nay, she hath been in the forest since noon," answered Edith with an effort, for she could not recover her awe of his presence.

"Then," said Haco, halting at the threshold, "I will go across the woodland to your house, Harold; and prepare your hearts for your coming."

"I shall tarry here till Hilda returns," answered Harold, "and it may be late in the night ere I reach home; but Sexwulf already hath my orders. At sunrise we return to London, and thence we march on the insurgents."

"All shall be ready. Farewell, noble Edith; and thou, Thyria, my cousin, one kiss more to our meeting again."

The child fondly held out her arms to him, and as she kissed his cheek, whispered—

"In the grave, Haco!"

The young man drew his mantle around him and moved away. But he did not mount his steed, which still grazed by the road; while Harold's more familiar with the place, had found its way to the stall; nor did he take his path through the glades to the house of his kinsman. Entering the Druid temple, he stood musing by the Tenter-tomb.

The night grew deep and deeper, the stars more luminous, and the air was hushed, when a voice close at his side, said clear and abrupt—

"What does youth the restless by death the still?"

It was the peculiarity of Haco, that nothing ever seemed to startle or surprise him. In that brooding boyhood, the solemn, quiet, and sad experience, all fore-armed, of age, had something in it terrible and preternatural; so, without lifting his eyes from the stone, at the unexpected voice, he answered,

"How sayest thou, O Hilda, that the dead are still?"

Hilda placed her hand on his shoulder, and stooped too look in his face.

"Thy rebuke is just, son of Sweyn. In time and in the universe there is no stillness? Through all

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eternity the state impossible to the soul is reposed—
So again thou art in thy native land?"

"And for what end prophesies I remember, when but an infant, who till then had enjoyed the common air and the daylight, thou didst rob me evermore of childhood and youth! For thou didst say to my father that dark was the web of my fate; and that its most glorious hour should be its last!"

"But thou wert surely too childlike (I see thee now as thou wert then, stretched on the grass playing with thy father's falcon) to be childlike to heed my words."

"Does the new ground neglect the germs of the sower, or the young heart the first lessons of wonder and awe? Since then prophetic, night hath been my comrade and death my familiar. Rememberest thou again, the hour when stealing a boy from Harold's house in his absence—the night ere I left my land—I stood on this mound by thy side? Then did I tell thee that the sole soft thought that relieved my bitterness of soul, when all the rest of my kinsfolk seemed to behold in me but the heir of Sweyn, the outlaw and homicide, was the love that I bore for Harold; but that love itself was mournful and bodeful as the hwata of distant sorrow. And thou didst take me, O prophetic, to thy bosom, and thy cold kiss touched my lips and my brow; and there, beside this altar and grave-mound, by tear and by water, by staff and by song, thou didst bid me take comfort; for that as the mouse gnawed the coils of the lion, so the exile obscure should deliver from peril the pride and prince of our house—that from that hour with the skein of his fate should mine be entwined; and his fate was that of kings and of kingdoms. And then, when the joy flushed my cheek, and methought youth came back in warmth to the night of my soul—then Hilda, I asked thee if my life would be spared till I had redeemed the name of my father. Thy seed-staff passed over the leaves that, burning with fire-sparks, symbolled the life of the man, and from the third leaf the flame leaped up and died; and again a voice from thy breast, hollow, as if borne from a hill-top afar, made answer, 'At thine entrance into manhood, life bursts into blaze, and shrivels up into ashes.' So I knew that the doom of the infant still weighed unan- eled on the years of the man; and I came here to my native land as to glory and the grave. But," said the young man with a wild enthusiasm, "still with mine links the fate which is loftiest in England; and the rill and the river shall rush into one terrible sea."

"I know not that," answered Hilda, pale as if in awe of herself; "for never yet hath the rune, or the fount, or the tomb, revealed to me clear and distinct the close of the great course of Harold; only know. I through his stars his glory and greatness; and where glory is dim, and greatness is menaced, I know it but from the stars of others, the rays of whose influence interblend with his own. So long, at least, as the fair and the pure one keeps watch in the still House of Life, the dark and the troubled one cannot wholly prevail. For Edith is given to Harold as the Fylgia, that noiselessly blesses and saves: and thou—" Hilda checked herself, and lowered her hood over her face, so that it suddenly became invisible.

"And I?" asked Haco moving near to her side.

"Away, son of Sweyn; thy feet trample the grave of the mighty dead!"

Then Hilda lingered no longer, but took her way toward the house. Haco's eye followed her in silence. The cattle grazing in the great space of the crumbling peristyle, looked up as she passed; the watch-dogs wandering through the star-lit columns, came snorting round their mistress. And when she had vanished within the house, Haco turned his steed.

"What matters," he murmured, "the answer which the Yala can not or dare not give! To me is not destined the love of woman or the ambition of life. All I know of human affection binds me to Harold; all I know of human ambition is to share his fate. This love is strong as hate, and terrible as doom—it is jealous, it admits of no rival. As the shell and the seaweed interlaced together, we are dashed on the rushing surge; whither? oh, whither?"

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

(From the *Phrenological Journal* 1866.)

DANIEL H. WELLS.

This gentleman holds at the present time the high office of second counselor to Brigham Young, which office and relation to the successor of Joseph Smith was, as we have noticed, filled by Brigham's cousin, Willard Richards. After the death of Willard (the habit of the Mormons seems to be to mark their chief men with their Christian names), Jedediah M. Grant became Brigham's second counselor, and he also held the military rank of Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia, for Brigham has never aspired to the character of military commander, his type of work being that of the statesman. But Joseph seems to have loved the title of chief general, and even in his martyrdom Willard Richards calls him repeatedly, not Prophet, but General Joseph Smith. The first one who next appeared in the rank of Lieutenant-General among the Mormons was Jedediah Morgan Grant, who, dying, was succeeded by the third in his line Daniel H. Wells, as second counselor to Brigham Young, and Lieutenant-General of the militia of Utah. Within a year he has been elected mayor of Great Salt Lake City, which office was previously held by Jedediah M. Grant. He is also superintendent of the public works. He did not come into the Mormon Church during the lifetime of Joseph, he was an alderman and an influential citizen of Nauvoo. He was at that time called Squire Wells, and this is the case more or less now. After the Church was driven from Nauvoo, and the chief men, "Brigham," "Heber," "Willard," and the rest of the Twelve had taken the main body of the Church up to Winter Quarters, now known as Council Bluffs, the residue of the people and Nauvoo found her champion in Squire Wells, and he commanded in the famous Nauvoo battle. Before the Mormons could all retreat from their beloved city to follow Brigham to the rocky mountains an armed force bombarded Nauvoo. Three days lasted the Nauvoo war; the city and the Mormons were defended under the command of Daniel H. Wells, now Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia. They were at last driven out, and Squire Wells leaving his all, like the "Saints," hastened to the winter quarters

of Brigham and the main body of the "Church," and united his destiny with the modern Israel in the wilderness. These circumstances of the man's keeping out of the Mormon Church so long though residing in Nauvoo, and at last taking a leading part with them in battle, and afterwards uniting with them in the direst extremities of their eventful history, may be taken as a summary of the man's character. Doubtless these circumstances in his history favorably established Daniel H. Wells in the opinion of Brigham, and finally have given him his position as second counselor. He is tall, and has much iron in his frame and character. His nose is large, thin prominent, and all his features the same. His perceptive faculties are very remarkably developed, so much so that the great predominance of the perceptive brain is observable at a distance. He is eminently practical and executive, but there is not much theory about him, either in religion or statesmanship. He could not understand any complicated psychological phase of the human mind, or read the secrets of the hearts and characters of men like Brigham Young. He is said to be a man of unimpeached integrity, and no one is more respected as a gentleman in the whole Mormon community. He is well fitted for his office as General, and though there is nothing spunky or combustible about him, he would be decidedly a fighting, not a parlor general.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GENERAL PRIM AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Don Juan Prim, Marquis de los Castellejos, Comte de Reus, the celebrated Spanish General, who now plays so important a part in the affairs of his recently revolutionized country, was born at Reus in Catalonia in 1811. Little is known of his early history up to the time of the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella to the throne of Spain, in 1833. Here it was that he commenced his first campaign, as an officer in the interest of the Queen-Mother, Christiana; then Regent. In 1837 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Soon after this the Queen was obliged to take flight from Spain, when Prim associated himself with the party of Progressistas, in their opposition to the Dictatorship of Espartero. He was next accused of complicity in the insurrection of Sargossa, in 1842, and compelled to seek refuge in France, where he again attached himself to the fortunes of Queen Christiana, in her efforts to bring about a restoration.

In 1843, Colonel Prim was returned as a deputy to the Cortes of Barcelona, and was enabled to return to Spain, where he joined the coalition formed between the Christinos and the Progressistas against Espartero. In the month of May, in the same year, he headed an insurrection in his native city of Reus, but was speedily beaten by Zurbino, one of Espartero's lieutenants, and compelled to seek refuge in Barcelona. Following these events came the fall of Espartero and the return of the Queen-Mother to power, when Prim was made a general, with the title of Count de Reus, and the post of Governor of Madrid.

This state of affairs, however, was not of long dura-

tion. In Barcelona, a fresh insurrection broke out which General Prim was sent to suppress. In this he was not successful; indeed he so employed his forces, that he kept Catalonia in a complete state of revolt for an entire year. For these acts he was disgraced by the Queen and tried for high treason, and complicity in the attempt to assassinate Narvaez. On the last charge, he was acquitted, while his sentence on the first resulted, in only a few months' imprisonment. On his release, he kept aloof for some time from public life; but, on the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, in 1853, he joined the Ottoman army on the Danube, and gained considerable distinction in the affair of Oltenitza and Silistria.

In the course of the following year, 1854, General Prim returned from the East, and published an account of his recent military experiences in that quarter, together with an historical essay on the Turkish empire. In 1855, he represented Barcelona for the second time, in the Lower Chamber of the Cortes, and was raised to the dignity of Senator, three years later. At that period, adopted without a show of reason, gave considerable offence to the Emperor Napoleon; and the General did not escape censure in his own country, where French influence, at that time, was actively exercised.

From that time up to the present year, Prim and his party were actively engaged in revolutionary proceedings against the tyranny and scandals of the ruling power of Spain. In one attempt, he was nearly successful in causing the overthrow of the Government; but, at the close of 1857 and the beginning of 1868, he had again to take flight, and ultimately came to England, where he resided until the recent revolt. On the first intelligence of the rumour that the country was ripe for revolution, General Prim immediately took his departure for Spain, where his arrival, and the steps which he immediately took, tended to make the revolt general. His movements, from this point, have all been recorded in the daily papers, therefore we need not record them here, but conclude our brief sketch of his career by a short account of his public reception at Madrid, upon his return.

At about half past four in the afternoon of the 8th of October, a hoarse roar in the Calle de Alcala announced the approach of the long expected procession, the head of which gradually appeared in the shape of a huge car, in the form of a boat, drawn by four powerful white horses. Numerous flags were erected in the car, which was covered with yellow draping, with festoons of evergreen, and was inscribed with the words, "Bejar," "Alcolea," "Santander." In this car were some dozen persons, who threw evergreens and flowers among the crowd. After this marched a body of sailors, representatives of the fleet, to whose initiative Spain owes her independence. This body was greatly cheered. Then came a carriage, with banners inscribed with the names of past victims to the revolutionary cause; and, after this, preceded by a boy of the armed populace, came the hero of the hour, General Prim. Prim is a slight, well-built man, with dark whiskers and hair, and with a fearless and resolute, but hardly a great face. He was very simply dressed in the undress of an engineer officer—dark jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, with a gold stripe upon the latter. He had a red sash round his waist;

he wore the ordinary white shake. At his entering there was a roar of cheering. From every balcony handkerchiefs waved; every head was uncovered, and hats were thrown frantically into the air, without the slightest hope of their future recovery by their owners. As there is considerable difference between the dispositions of Serrano and Prim, so there is a marked difference between the ways in which they received the enthusiastic greetings of the people. Serrano appeared almost oppressed by it. He continued to wave his hand in reply, but his head was rather bowed, and he appeared to be deeply moved. Prim, on the other hand, seemed to be infected with the general enthusiasm. He rode upright on his horse, he waved his arm to the people, and several times took off his forage-cap, and waved it overhead, as returning the enthusiastic greetings.

Behind Prim rode a numerous staff of generals, resplendent in cocked hats and gold lace. Then came the state carriage, with the deputation of Junta, who had met the general at the station. To add to the prettiness of the sight, many persons suddenly released a number of white pigeons, which flew hither and thither over the heads of the crowd, affrighted and confused at the tremendous din. Very slowly the procession made its way to the center of the square, and then turning off, went down the the Calle de San Geronimo to the House of Deputies.

CHINESE SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

One class of Chinese female mediums profess to obtain and transmit the news required by means of a very diminutive image, made of willow-tree wood. The image is first exposed to the dew for forty-nine nights, when, after the performance of a superstitious ceremony relating to it, it is believed to have the power of speaking. The image is laid upon the stomach of the woman to whom it belongs. She, by means of it, pretends to be the medium of communication between the living and the dead. She sometimes professes to send the image into the world of spirits to find the person about whom the intelligence is sought. It then changes into an elf spirit, and departs on its errand. The spirit of the person enters the image, and gives the information sought after by the surviving relative. The woman is supposed not to utter a word, the message seeming to proceed from the image. The questions are addressed to the medium; the replies seem to come from the stomach. This is called "finding or seeking for the thread." There is probably a kind of ventriloquism employed. The fact that the voice proceeds professedly from the stomach of the medium doubtless helps to delude. The medium makes use of no incense or candles in the performance of this method. Another class of women who pretend to be able to obtain information from or about the dead proceed in a very different manner. The medium sits by a table. Having enquired in regard to the name and surname of the deceased, and the precise time of death, she bows her head and rests it upon the table, the face being concealed from view. On the table are three sticks of lighted incense placed upright, sometimes in a censer, as usual; sometimes they are put into a horizontal position upon a vessel

containing a small quantity of boiled rice. Two lighted candles are also placed upon the table. The woman who seeks information draws near in profound silence. After a short time the medium raises her head from the table with her eyes closed, and begins to address the applicant. She is now supposed to be possessed by the spirit of the dead individual in regard to whom information is desired; in other words, the dead has come into her body, using her organs of speech to communicate with the living. A conversation ensues between the living and the dead, mutually giving and receiving information. At the close of the interview the medium places her head down on the table, and after a few minutes she oftentimes begins to retch or vomit. After drinking some tea she soon becomes herself again, the spirit of the dead having retired.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE BEERYE SONGSTER."—We have received a copy of a pleasing collection of poems composed and published by our typographical friend, LEAN, author of "All are talking of Utah." This little work will doubtless find many purchasers among LEAN's numerous friends, and the public generally. Its price is but 25 cents per copy, and can be had nearly everywhere. The following is his modest preface:

"TO THE READER.—In presenting this little Songster to the public, the Author feels under many obligations to those friends who 'encouraged' the undertaking. His object, in the first place, has been to exercise what little talent he has for his own amusement; and, seeing that the people have been pleased with some of his productions, he now ventures the publication of this selection of songs. He has always aimed at plainness and simplicity, and his talent claims no qualification for any higher style. The severe critic may as well leave him alone, and use his power of criticism on efforts of a higher order, by which he may display himself to greater advantage."

Hoping that these songs will amuse and edify the people, the Author feels himself desirous to be,

Their humble servant and well-wisher.

Salt Lake City, Dec. 7, 1868.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. McCREGOR, PAROWAN.—Writes us a very kindly communication on the subject of Elder Tullidge's *Universalist* Article. It is, to our mind only another illustration of the fact that two different persons may express the same idea in two different ways. Our correspondent believes in the breadth and width of the propositions of our faith, as does the author of the article in question. The only difference is, that the latter believes that all the movements of Providence are divine movements, as well as the particular one that established our Church. Our particular movement, however, being more divine than the others, because vaster in its consequences to the world; while our correspondent, doubtless, believes that there is a general providence in all the events of the world, but very little divinity in such movements. The whole question appears to us to turn on the distinction between "providential" movements and "divine" ones. If there is any. We presume our correspondent would say God *has* permitted all that has occurred; but has not had much more to do with it. While Bro. Tullidge would say God never permitted anything but what he planned and specially intended. There is much to be said on both sides.

OUR COUNTRY FRIEND.—Has our thanks for riddles &c. &c.

READER.—Is informed that we purpose at the coming session of the present volume, increasing the size of the *MAGAZINE* from twelve to sixteen pages; publishing it with entire new and magnificent type, on a very superior class of paper. In addition to these advantages we expect to reduce the price considerably. Full particulars will be published shortly. Combined with this low-priced and increased *MAGAZINE*, will be offered all the best useful Eastern papers at lower than club rates.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1868

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

ITS HARMONY WITH WOMAN'S NATURE.

The benefits of plural marriage to woman, like the benefits attending the pains and cares of maternity, lie not in its gratifications, but in its compensations. The difficulty of exhibiting these compensations to women at large, lies in the fact, that they are of a kind, which can only appeal to a noble, generous and improved nature. To the selfish and narrow woman, who lives for herself alone; who feels that every happiness or attention bestowed upon another, is so much taken from herself, there is little promise, indeed. It is with the principles of celestial marriage, as it is with the high and exalted sentiments of Jesus; they never can be realized by the mass, as such. They must be lived up to ere they can be sensed in their beauty and potency. There are, however, women, as there are men, whose hearts are sufficiently open to heavenly influences, to have felt that plural marriage—entered into in the true spirit, with a soul looking upward for every angelic influence—leads faster to development in man than any other condition. To such we say, one of the benefits of plural marriage to women lies in the fact that it brings more of God and more of wisdom to them in their husband's life. They share a richer nature. They obtain a more God-like and a greater man. Be their husband a man entering into plural marriage, not from the promptings of passion or ambition, but from the demands of his nature for love as germinated by the unfoldings of deity within him—and in no other plurality do we believe—then will that plurality develop in him a deeper and a diviner nature; and his wives will experience an intensity of love as far superior to that obtained by women out of this order, as is the full grown love of man to the puerile affections of infancy and youth.

But is not love weakened by the number of objects upon which it rests? Never! "Love grows by that it feeds on." Be it love of wife, love of child, love of money, or love of Art—it is the same. The intellectual man knows that one object of beauty in Sculpture prepares and intensifies his love for one or a hundred objects in Painting, Poetry or Song. And more than that, the greater the number of such objects he studies or possesses, the more he can appreciate the particular beauties of each and every one. The love of a wife is simply love applied to a far higher plane. Judging by the way in which a husband's affections are commonly talked about, one would imagine, that it was an article of limited dimensions; and that the more the claimants the smaller the pieces. But there is no possible division to love. True men, from a necessity of their natures, turn the whole fount of their love towards every object that calls it forth. The outpouring of that love may be varied according to the worth of the object, but the whole of it is there to respond to each claim whether called into operation or not. It is equally there for bestowal of its whole power on each of two subjects of affection, and no more there if there be but one.

There is an important truth which all women will learn sooner or later, and that is, that if it were possible that another object of affection engaging their husband's soul could be obliterated out of being, equally as though it had never existed, it would leave no more love for them. The only effect would be that their husband would be so much the poorer, while they would be none the richer. Thousands of men, not in polygamy, but who have a dead wife, know, that could it be proved to them that the departed dear one, absolutely, never existed at all, and her image eternally wiped from their hearts, that fact would leave untouched in extent and quality the love for the wife living here. That operation would make it no more nor less, although some women in their ignorance think it would. The truth is, every woman engraves her own image in her husband's soul; she carves her own niche; and, whether anyone else ever carves another or not, it is just of the size she makes it, and of the enrichment with which she, herself, endows it. Her virtues; her love; her wifely graces; her motherly soul, determines its own impression and influence upon her husband's heart. Even he has nothing to do with its power. It is what it is—as we may say—in spite of the husband himself; much less can it be aided by the absence, or weakened by the presence of any woman that lives.

In this respect, if in no other, man is a type of Deity. If all the blazing constellations of the universe with their myriad intelligences were swept out of existence, till but one soul remained to share its Maker's love, that one soul would be no richer in his regard. That one soul would still possess only its fixed unalterable and eternal value; beyond which it would be heir to no greater blessing by the change, than the impoverishment and desolation by which it was surrounded. And so with women who imagine what a heaven of love they would share could every other such affection be banished for ever from their husband's heart. Compared to the magnitude of affectional nature destined for woman's source of blessedness and love, the heaven they would gain would simply be a withered nature and a bankrupt life forever.

It must be distinctly understood, all the time, that our assertions with regard to the results of divine plural marriage, are based entirely on the supposition of heaven-directed unions, and heaven-regulated marriage lives. The scheme in the mind of God is planned solely with an eye to an eternally progressive future. Polygamy is, therefore, in our opinion, a principle of progress, unsuited to the mass, by whose experience it never can be judged; except as they rise from the general condition to one of nobler life and holier aspiration.

While the benefits of plural marriage in this life, are always realized in exact proportion to the correctness of the principles by which it is regulated, still, the scheme necessarily looks to immortality for its most glorious results; because it will take immortality to produce perfect men and women. But it does not do so on the ground of some miraculous change to be wrought out in women's natures in a future life. It supposes no womanly yearning to be crushed or transmuted out of her bosom. It will destroy the roots of jealousy, and find its sources of love and union where the polygamy of barbarism, or civilized lust

finds its very causes of rivalry and hate. The polygamy of Utah is immeasurably ahead of any system of the kind ever seen upon earth; but even it—*compared to its future*—is, necessarily, in its earliest days of crudeness and undevelopment. In that system, when perfectly developed, women will not be jealous. Not because they will cease to be women; or because they will become reconciled to the idea of giving up a portion of their husbands' affection; or because they will have learned to be content with less than having their whole yearnings for love satisfied—for no women, however angelic, will ever do this—and the more angelic the less capable will they be of anything of the kind—but because a greater knowledge of themselves, and of men's natures, will satisfy them that they give up nothing; but gain in every way.

The fears of woman, to-day, arise from their viewing men solely as they are, apart from the influences of truth upon their minds. They fail to realize their own divinity and native powers of progress, as well as those of men. In an undeveloped condition, women cannot sense what there is in men's natures, or their own, awaiting unfoldment, any more than the downy eagle, crouching in the nest, can sense its puny fellow eaglets unborn pinions, or realize their mutual power to soar in the face of the noonday sun. In their progress women will realize a divinity within humanity in its higher conditions, upon which they can rely. Growing in divine nature themselves—sensing the power of truth within themselves—in enlarging their own natures, and directing their own esteem; they will realize the expansiveness of the human soul in man—and realize, more than all, the power of eternal truth in controlling his judgment and affections. They will know that man must inevitably arrive at a power of uninfluenced righteous love. They will discover that in the ladder of his progress it is a round that he cannot slip. He may—like themselves—go backward for a time, or he may temporarily remain where he is; but he cannot yield to the pressure of his developing nature without weaknesses and petty partialities passing away before the light of a clearer intellect—and the quality to be attracted only by the highest, the purest and the eternally loveliest, becoming fixed and unalterable qualities of his being. God is within man, and man cannot unfold himself without reflecting His qualities of judgment and righteous appreciation. But all this is no less true of women's natures. And upon this broad and solid truth, both men and women will rely for their influence, and hold in each other's hearts. Women will know that all that true beauties of life and character can demand from God, Angels or men, in esteem—or from a husband in the tenderer emotions of love—must be yielded to them; and beyond that they never can obtain.

Where will be the power of jealousy then? It will disappear in the sunlight of a greater knowledge. Women will fall back upon the advancement of their own perfections, for their influence and love—not in rivalry, for what they gain will not weaken another's excellency, nor what they lose advance another's worth. Women will fear none but themselves. As they put on God; as they become adorned with the spirit and beauties of a Christ-like life; in its setting aside of self; in tenderness for other's pleasures; in its earnestness that all that is good in others should

be known, appreciated and admired—so will they, by the great law of superiority of quality, make and take their own; and—firm as the influence of Deity—enthroned themselves in universal regard; but more than all, in the deeper recesses of a husband's soul. And in proportion as women realize their husband's purity of purpose; and his inevitable progress towards the divine quality of true judgment, so rivalry will die having no food for life. Instead of fearing future additions to their husband's love—inasmuch as it can take nothing from them, but will add to him in whom their all centres; and by reflection on themselves—they will glory in every increase of that extending circle of affection, in the midst of which they and he are to be eternally embosomed; and find their undying source of variety, life, concord and joy.

Thus, in the experience of plural marriage, where its true relations are sustained, women will find solid ground for all their hopes of enduring love—a foundation secure to them as the immortality of their own being, because based on their own imperishable beauties of character. Qualities potent with an righteous and progressed beings, but sealed with a diviner seal, consolidated and assumed by the ties of eternal unity, in his bosom with whom the providences of the Great Manager of life has made them one.

Security of love, with such full return as all the dearest and deepest affections of her soul can in their very nature require for happiness, is all a woman needs. This she must have; and this her husband's progressed nature must inevitably yield. Women are not, in their true nature, constitutionally averse to others being loved, even by the same object as themselves; could they but be satisfied that all their love was returned, and assured to them forever. Their jealousies are not nature's voice protesting against the extension of their husbands' love, but nature within them fearing for its own. It is not nature crying for a monopoly of love, but nature asserting the necessity of full and unbounded return. Women's jealousies are their fears, based on a consciousness of their own and men's present weaknesses, and the influences of external gifts and fascinations upon them. Their fears are a legitimate result of a state of things for which plural marriage was never intended. Divine plurality is adapted for only a higher plane of things, in which men must pass beyond such conditions of weakness; and a greater knowledge dissipate women's fears. If man perfects his character, until the love-like qualities of Christ are developed in him—as all men must, or demonstrate their unfitness for plural marriage—they will fill a woman's being with that love; and being filled she will need no more. Her own happiness being assured, she will not care how many others join with her in loving qualities so precious in her eyes. The more others love him, the more will she rejoice that her heart's idol is lifted up; and the deeper and closer their love for him—seeing it cannot push her out—the deeper her's for them, and the stronger her unity with them.

Another truth, when realized, will give a woman peace. As divinely purposed in this system, none can come together for eternal unions but such as the Master of Life has decreed. None, therefore, can come to her husband from vanity, rivalry or passion. None can—while he seeks for heavenly guidance and waits on its providing—be led to unite with him but the

pure. Such only as are irresistably drawn to him from the fitness and necessity of their natures. What can a woman have against such unions? All nature within her will rejoice that that which is harmonious and eternally suited should come together.

And now let us close this brief enquiry into so vast a subject. Let us review woman's condition in the perfect working of this order. Women, we say, will gain a nobler and more God-like consort for an eternal companion. They will have—and know they have—a deeper, purer and more overshadowing love, because, coming from a heart more perfected in love. They will gain such conceptions of the grounds of enduring love, as bring eternal security and peace therewith. They will gain in the abolishment of petty rivalries and meannesses from their bosoms. And in opening their hearts to the angelic desire of seeing others happy, they will gain a purity and elevation of feeling which no lower life can give. They will learn that the tendency of women to converge the interest of their whole natures in their husband's joys and sorrows, has a far more blessed meaning, and a far grander result than they have ever supposed. For all the streams of pleasure flowing into his soul, will by that union of spirit pass to theirs. In every love that takes his bosom they will share, loving and being loved with him—for they are one. No heart can be added to the family compact (when the union of husband and wife is perfected) that comes to his alone. And here, after all, is the greatest solution of the whole problem of plural marriage, and the most effectual cause of its freedom from pain and jealousies. It turns on the complete and perfect absorption of the wife in her husband. So complete will be the welding of their natures, that he cannot love nor be blessed alone. Their lives will be bound up together; and he will find his happiness in their joys, while they will drink their deepest draughts of delight in the satisfactions of his being. And he will take them, and their whole united love, on to new sources of affection, honor and exaltation, worlds without end. Women will understand the mystery and import of the magical entwinement of their natures in all the pulsations of their husband's being in that day.

NOTE—The reader will have perceived that by some conceivable oversight in printing the former part of the article the word Polygamy has been allowed to pass as "Poligamy," although correctly rendered in previous articles on the same subject.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READS AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER LIII.

"If I thought you would pine and die upon the voyage, no power should part us. But you are not such a coward. If my life depended on yours, would you not live?"

"You know I would."

"When I was wrecked on White-water island, you played the man. Not one woman in a thousand could have launched a boat, and sailed it with a boat-hook for a mast, and—"

Helen interrupted him. "It was nothing; I loved you. I love you better now."

"I believe it, and therefore I ask you to rise above your sex once more, and play the man for me. This time it is not my

life you are to rescue, but that which is more precious still; my good name."

"Ah, that would be worth living for," cried Helen.

"You will find it very hard to do; but not harder for a woman, than to launch a boat and sail without a mast. See my father, Michael Penfold. See Underhill, the Expert. See the solicitor—the counsel. Sift the whole story; and above all, find out why Arthur Wardlaw dared not enter the witness-box. Be obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman; and don't talk of dying, when there is a friend to be rescued from dishonor by living and working."

"Die! while I can rescue you from death and dishonor I will not be so base. Ah, Robert, Robert, how well you know me."

"Yes, I do know you, Helen. I believe that great soul of yours will keep your body strong to do this brave work for him you love, and who loves you. And as for me, I am man enough to live for years upon this island, if you will only promise me two things."

"I promise, then."

"Never to die, and never to marry Arthur Wardlaw, until you have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted me. Lay your hand on your father's head and promise me that."

Helen laid her hand upon her father's head, and said, "I pledge my honor not to die, if life is possible, and never to marry any man, until I have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted the angel I love."

"And I pledge myself to help her," said General Rolleston, warmly, "for now I know you are a man of honor. I have too often been deceived by eloquence to listen much to that. But now you have proved by your actions what you are. You pass a forged check, knowing it to be forged. I'd stake my salvation it's a lie. There's my hand. God comfort you! God reward you, my noble fellow!"

"I hope he will, sir," sobbed Robert Penfold. "You are her father; and you take my hand; perhaps that will be sweet to think of by-and-by; but no joy can enter my heart now; it is broken. Take her away at once, sir. Flesh is weak. My powers of endurance are exhausted."

General Rolleston acted promptly on this advice. He rolled up her rugs, and the things she had made, and Robert had the courage to take them down to the boat. Then he came back, and the General took her bag to the boat.

All this time the girl herself sat wringing her hands in anguish, and not a tear. It was beyond that now.

As he passed Robert, the General said, "Take leave of her alone. I will come for her in five minutes. You see, how sure I feel you are a man of honor."

When Robert went in, she rose and tottered to him, and fell on his neck. She saw it was the death-bed of their love, and she kissed his eyes, and clung to him. They moaned over each other, and clung to each other, in mute despair.

The General came back, and he and Robert took Helen, shivering and fainting, to the boat. As the boat put off, she awoke from her stupor, and put out her hands to Robert with one piercing cry.

They were parted.

CHAPTER LIII.

In that curious compound the human heart, a respectable motive is sometimes connected with a criminal act. And it was so with Joseph Wylie: he had formed an attachment to Nancy Rouse, and her price was two thousand pounds.

This Nancy Rouse was a character. She was General Rolleston's servant for many years; her place was the kitchen; but she was a woman of such restless activity, and so wanting in the proper pride of a servant, that she would help a housemaid, or a lady's maid, or do anything almost, except be idle. To use her own words, she was one as couldn't abide to sit munched. That fatal foe to domestic industry, the London Journal, fluttered in vain down her area, for she could not read. She supported a sick mother out of her wages, aided by a few presents of money and clothes from Helen Rolleston, who had a great regard for Nancy, and knew what a hard fight she had to keep a sick woman out of her twenty pounds a year.

In love, Nancy was unfortunate; her buxom looks, and sterling virtues, were balanced by a provoking sagacity, and an irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her lovers' vanity one after another, and they fled. Her heart smarted more than once.

Nancy was ambitious; and her first rise in life took place as follows:—When the Rolleston's went to Australia, she had a

good cry at parting with Helen; but there was no help for it, she could not leave her mother. However, she told Helen she could not stomach any other service, and, since she must be parted, was resolved to better herself. This phrase is sometimes drolly applied by servants, because they throw independence into the scale. In Nancy's case it meant setting up as a washerwoman. Helen opened her hazel eyes with astonishment at this, the first round in the ladder of Nancy's ambition; however, she gave her ten pounds, and thirty introductions, twenty-five of which missed fire, and with the odd five, Nancy set up her tub in the suburbs, and by her industry, geniality, and frugality, got on tolerably well. In due course she rented a small house backed by a small green, and advertised for a gentleman lodger. She soon got one; and soon got rid of him. However, she was never long without one.

Nancy met Joseph Wylie in company; and, as sailors are briar wooers, he soon became her acknowledged suitor, and made some inroad into her heart, though she kept on the defensive, warned by past experience.

Wylie's love-making had a droll feature about it; it was most of it carried on in the presence of three washerwomen, because Nancy had no time to spare from her work, and Wylie had no time to lose in his wooing, being on shore for a limited period. And this absence of superfluous delicacy on his part gave him an unfair advantage over the tallow-chandler's foreman, his only rival at present. Many a sly thrust, and many a hearty laugh, from his female auditors, greeted his amorous eloquence; but, for all that, they sided with him, and Nancy felt her importance, and brightened along with her mates at the sailor's approach, which was generally announced by a cheerful hail. He was good company, to use Nancy's own phrase, and she accepted him as a sweetheart on probation. But, when Mr. Wylie urged her to marry him, she demurred, and gave a string of reasons, all of which the sailor and his allies, the subordinate washerwomen, combated in full conclusion.

Then she spoke out, "My lad, the wash-tub is a saddle as won't carry double. I've seen poverty enough in my mother's house, it shan't come in at my door to drive love out o' window. Two comes together with just enough for two; next year instead of two they are three, and one of the three can't work, and wants a servant extra, and by-and-by there is half-a-dozen, and the money coming in at the spigot and going out at the bung-hole."

One day, in the middle of his wooing, she laid down her iron, and said, "You come along with me. And I wonder how much work will be done whilst my back is turned, for you three gabbling and wondering whatever I'm agoing to do with this here sailor."

She took Wylie a few yards down the street, and showed him a large house with most of the windows broken. "There," said she, "there's a sight for a seafaring man. That's in Chancery."

"Well, it's better to be there than in H---," said Wylie, meaning to be sharp.

"Wait till you've tried 'em both," said Nancy.

Then she took him to the back of the house, and showed him a large garden attached to it.

"Now, Joseph," said she, "I've showed you a lodging-house and a drying-ground; and I'm a cook and a clear starcher, and I'm wild to keep lodgers and do for 'em, washing and all. Then, if their foul linen goes out, they follows it: the same if they has their meat from the cook-shop. Four hundred pounds a year lies there a-waiting for me. I've been at 'em often to let me them premises: but they says no, we have got no horder from the court to let. Which the court would rather see 'em go to rack an' ruin for nothing, than let 'em to an honest woman as would pay the rent punctual, and make her penny out of 'em, and nobody none the worse. And to sell them, the price is two thousand pounds, and if I had it I'd give it this minit: but where are the likes of you and me to get two thousand pounds? But the lawyer, he says, 'Miss Rouse, from you one thousand down, and the rest on mortgage at £45 the year,' which it is dirt cheap, I say. So now, my man, when that house is mine, I'm yours. I'm putting by for it o' my side. If you means all you say, why not save a bit o' yours? Once I get that house and garden, you needn't go to sea no more: nor you shan't. If I am to be bothered with a man, let me know where to put my finger on him at all hours, and not lie shivering and shaking at every window as creaks, and him out at sea. And if you are too proud to drive the linen in a light cart, why I could pay a man." In short she told him plainly she would not marry till she was above the world; and the road to above

the world was through that great battered house and weed garden, in Chancery.

Now it may appear a strange coincidence that Nancy's price to Wylie was two thousand pounds, and Wylie's to Wardlaw was two thousand pounds; but the fact is it was a forced coincidence. Wylie, bargaining with Wardlaw, stood out for two thousand pounds, because that was the price of the house and garden and Nancy.

Now when Wylie returned to England safe after his crime and his perils, he comforted himself with the reflection that Nancy would have her house and garden, and he should have Nancy.

But young Wardlaw lay on his sick bed; his father was about to return to the office, and the gold disguised as copper was ordered up to the cellars in Fenchurch Street. There, in all probability, the contents would be examined ere long, the fraud exposed, and other unpleasant consequences might follow over and above the loss of the promised £2000.

Wylie felt very disconsolate, and went down to Nancy Rouse depressed in spirits. To his surprise she received him with more affection than ever, and, reading his face in a moment, told him not to fret.

"It will be so in your way of life," said this homely comforter; "your sort comes home empty handed one day, and money in both pockets the next. I'm glad to see you home at all; for I've been in care about you. You're very welcome, Joe. If you are come home honest and sober, why that is the next best thing to coming home rich."

Wylie hung his head and pondered these words; and well he might, for he had not come home either so sober or so honest as he went out, but quite as poor.

However his elastic spirit soon revived in Nancy's sunshine; and he became more in love with her than ever.

But when, presuming upon her affection, he urged her to marry him, and trust to Providence, she laughed in his face.

"Trust to himprovidence you mean," said she: "no, no, Joseph. If you are unlucky, I must be lucky, before you and me can come together."

Then Wylie resolved to have his £2000 at all risks. He had one great advantage over a landsman who has committed a crime: he could always go to sea, and find employment, first in one ship, and then in another. Terra firma was not one of the necessities of life to him.

He came to Wardlaw's office to feel his way: and talked guardedly to Michael Penfold about the loss of the *Proserpine*. His apparent object was to give information: his real object was to gather it. He learned that old Wardlaw was very much occupied with fitting out a steamer: that the forty chests of copper had actually come up from the Shannon and were under their feet at that moment; and that young Wardlaw was desperately ill and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw's illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw's continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fidgeted, and washed the air with his hands, and with simple cunning urged Wylie to go and see him about the *Proserpine*; and get him to the office, if it was only for an hour or two. "Tell him we are all sixes and sevens, Mr. Wylie."

"Well," said Wylie, affecting a desire to oblige, "give me a line to him: for I've been twice and could never get in."

Michael wrote an earnest line to say that Wardlaw senior had been hitherto much occupied in fitting out the *Springbok*, but that he was going into the books next week. What was to be done?

The note was received; but Arthur declined to see the bearer. Then Wylie told the servant it was Joseph Wylie, on a matter of life and death. Tell him I must stand at the stairfoot and hallow it out, if he won't hear it any other way.

This threat obtained his admission to Arthur Wardlaw. The sailor found him on a sofa, in a darkened room, pale and worn to a shadow.

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Wylie, firmly, "you musn't think I don't feel for you; but, sir, we are gone too far to stop, you and me. There are two sides to this business: it is £150,000 for you, and £2000 for me, or it is—"

"What do I care for money now?" groaned Wardlaw. "Let it all go to the devil, who tempted me to destroy her I loved better than money, better than all the world."

"Well, but hear me out," said Wylie. "I say it is £150,000 to you, and £2000 to me, or else it is twenty years' penal service to both on us."

"Penal servitude!" And the words roused the merchant from his lethargy like a shower-bath.

"You know that well enough," said Wylie. "Why, 'twas a hanging matter a few years ago. Come, come, there are no two ways; you must be a man, or we are undone."

Fear prevailed in that timorous breast, which even love of money had failed to rouse. Wardlaw sat up, stared wildly, and asked Wylie what he was to do.

"First let me ring for a bottle of that old brandy of yours."

The brandy was got. Wylie induced him to drink a wine-glassful neat, and then to sit at the table and examine the sailors' declaration; and the log. "I'm no great scholar," said he, "I warn't a going to lay these before the underwriters, till you had overhauled them. There, take another drop now—'twill do you good—while I draw up this thundering blind."

Thus encouraged and urged, the broken-hearted seaman languidly compared the seamen's declaration with the log; and, even in his feeble state of mind and body, made an awkward discovery at once.

"Why, they don't correspond!" said he.

"What don't correspond?"

"Your men's statement and the ship's log. The men speak of one heavy gale after another, in January, and the pumps going; but the log says, 'A puff of wind from the N. E.' And here, again, the entry exposes your exaggeration; one branch of our evidence contradicts the other; this comes of trying to prove too much. You must say the log was lost, went down with the ship."

"How can I?" cried Wylie. "I have told too many I have got it safe at home."

"Why did you say that? What madness!"

"Why were you away from your office at such a time? How can I know everything and do everything? I counted on you for the head-work ashore. Can't you think of any way to square the log to that part of our tale?—might paste in a leaf or two, eh?"

"That would be discovered at once. You have committed an irretrievable error. What broad strokes this Hudson makes. He must have written with the stump of a quill."

Wylie received this last observation with a look of contempt for the mind that could put so trivial a question in so great an emergency.

"Are you quite sure poor Hudson is dead?" asked Wardlaw in a low voice.

"Dead! Don't I tell you I saw him die!" said Wylie, trembling all of a sudden.

He took a glass of brandy and sent it flying down his throat. "Leave the paper with me," said Arthur, languidly, "and tell Penfold I'll crawl to the office to-morrow. You can meet me there; I shall see nobody else."

Wylie called next day at the office, and was received by Penfold, who had now learned the cause of Arthur's grief, and ushered the visitor in to him with looks of benevolent concern. Arthur was seated like a lunatic, pale and motionless; on the table before him was a roast fowl and a salad, which he had forgotten to eat. His mind appeared to alternate between love and fraud, for, as soon as he saw Wylie he gave himself a sort of shake, and handed Wylie the log and the papers.

"Examine them: they agree better with each other now."

Wylie examined the log, and started with surprise and superstitious terror. "Why, Hiram's ghost has been here at work!" said he. "It is his very handwriting."

"Hush!" said Wardlaw; "not so loud. Will it do?"

"The writing will do first-rate; but any one can see this log has never been to sea?"

Inspired by the other's ingenuity, he then, after a moment's reflection, emptied the salt-cellar into a plate, and poured a little water over it. He wetted the leaves of the log with this salt-water, and dog-eared the whole book.

Wardlaw sighed. See what expedients we are driven to," said he. He then took a little soot from the chimney, and mixed it with salad oil. He applied some of this mixture to the parchment cover, rubbed it off, and by much manipulation gave it a certain mellow look, as if it had been used by working hands.

Wylie was armed with these materials, and furnished with money, to keep his sailors to their tale, in case of their being examined.

Arthur begged, in his present affliction, to be excused from going personally into the matter of the *Proserpine*; and said that Penfold had the ship's log, and the declaration of the survivors, which the insurers could inspect, previous to their being deposited at Lloyd's.

The whole thing wore an excellent face, and nobody found a peg to hang suspicion on so far.

After this preliminary, and the deposit of the papers, nothing was hurried; the merchant, absorbed in his grief, seemed to be forgetting to ask for his money. Wylie remonstrated; but Arthur convinced him they were still on too ticklish ground to show any hurry without exciting suspicion. And so passed two weary months, during which Wylie fell out of Nancy Rouse's good graces, for idling about doing nothing.

"Be you a waiting for the plum to fall into your mouth, young man!" said she.

The demand was made on the underwriters, and Arthur contrived that it should come from his father. The firm was of excellent repute, and had paid hundreds of insurances, without a loss to the underwriters. The *Proserpine* had foundered at sea; several lives had been lost, and of the survivors, one had since died, owing to the hardships he had endured. All this betokened a genuine calamity. Nevertheless, one ray of suspicion rested on the case, at first. The captain of the *Proserpine* had lost a great many ships; and on the first announcement, one or two were resolved to sift the matter on that ground alone. But, when five eye-witnesses, suppressing all mention of the word "drink," declared that Captain Hudson had refused to leave the vessel, and described his going down with the ship, from an obstinate and too exalted sense of duty, every chink was closed; and, to cut the matter short, the insurance money was paid to the last shilling, and Benson, one of the small underwriters, ruined. Nancy Rouse, who worked for Mrs. Benson, lost 18s. 6d., and was dreadfully put out about it.

Wylie heard her lamentations, and grinned; for now his £2000 was as good as in his pocket, he thought. Great was his consternation when Arthur told him that every shilling of the money was forestalled, and that the entire profit of the transaction was yet to come, viz., by the sale of the gold-dust.

"Then, sell it," said Wylie.

"I dare not. The affair must cool down before I can appear as a seller of gold; and, even then I must dribble it out with great caution. Thank heaven it is no longer in those cellars."

"Where is it, then?"

"That is my secret. You will get your 2000 all in good time; and, if it makes you one-tenth part as wretched as it has made me, you will thank me for all these delays."

At last Wylie lost all patience, and began to show his teeth; and then Arthur Wardlaw paid him his £2000 in forty crisp notes.

He crammed them into a side-pocket, and went down triumphant to Nancy Rouse. Through her parlor window he saw the benign countenance of Michael Penfold. He then remembered Penfold had told him, some time before, that he was going to lodge with her, as soon as the present lodger should go.

This, however, rather interrupted Wylie's design of walking in and chucking the two thousand pounds into Nancy's lap. On the contrary, he shoved them deeper down in his pocket, and resolved to see the old gentleman to bed, and then produce his pelf, and fix the wedding day with Nancy.

He came in and found her crying, and Penfold making weak efforts to console her. The tea things were on the table, and Nancy's cup half emptied.

Wylie came in, and said—"Why what is the matter now?"

He said this mighty cheerfully, as one who carried the panacea for all ills in his pocket, and a medicine peculiarly suited to Nancy Rouse's constitution. But he had not quite fathomed her yet.

As soon as ever she saw him she wiped her eyes, and asked him, what he wanted there. Wylie stared at the reception; but replied stoutly that it was pretty well known by this time what he wanted in that quarter.

"Well, then," said Nancy, "Want will be your master. Why did you never tell me Miss Helop was in that ship? my sweet, dear mistress as was, that I feel for like a mother. You left her to drown, and saved your own great useless carcass, and drowned she is, poor dear. Get out of my sight, do."

"It wasn't my fault, Nancy," said Wylie, earnestly. "I didn't know who she was, and I advised her to come with us; but she would go with that parson chap."

"What parson chap? What a liar you be! She is Wardlaw's sweetheart, and don't care for no parsons. If you didn't know you was to blame, why didn't you tell me a word of your own accord? You keep dark. Do you call yourself a man, to leave my poor young lady to shift for herself?"

"She had as good a chance to live as I had," said Wylie, sullenly.

"No she hadn't; you took care o' yourself. Well, since you are so fond of yourself, keep yourself to yourself, and don't

come here no more! After this, I hate the sight on ye. You are like the black dog in my eyes, and always will be. Poor, dear Miss Helen! Ah, I cried when she left—my mind misgave me; but little I thought she would perish in the salt seas, and all for want of a man to the ship. If you had gone out again after the steamboat—Mr. Penfold have told me all about it. He believes you weren't so much to blame. But no; lolling and looking about all day for months. There's my door, Joe Wylie; I can't cry comfortably before you, as had a hand in drowning of her. You and me is parted forever. I'll die as I am, or I'll marry a man; which you ain't one, nor nothing like one. Is he waiting for you to hold the door open, Mr. Penfold? or don't I speak plain enough? Them as I gave the sack to afore you didn't want so much telling."

"Well I'm going," said Wylie sullenly, and with considerable feeling, "This is hard lines."

But Nancy was inexorable, and turned him out with the £2000 in his pocket.

He took the notes out and flung them furiously down in the dirt.

Then he did what everybody does under similar circumstances; he picked them up again and pocketed them along with the other dirt they had gathered.

Next day he went down to the docks, and looked out for a ship: he soon got one, and signed as second mate. She was to sail in a fortnight.

But, before a week was out the banknotes had told so upon him that he was no longer game to go to sea. But the captain he had signed with was a Tartar, and not to be trifled with. He consulted a knowing friend, and that friend advised him to disguise himself till the ship had sailed. Accordingly he rigged himself out with a long coat, and a beard and spectacles, and hid his sea-slouch as well as he could, and changed his lodgings. Finding he succeeded so well he thought he might as well have the pleasure of looking at Nancy House, if he could not talk to her. So he actually had the hardihood to take the parlor next door; and by this means he heard her move about her room, and caught a sight of her at work on her little green and he was shrewd enough to observe she did not sing and whistle as she used to. The dog chuckled at that.

His banknotes worried him night and day. He was afraid to put them in a bank, afraid to take them about with him to his haunts; afraid to leave them at home; and out of this his perplexity arose some incidents worth relating in their proper order.

Arthur Wardlaw returned to his business; but he was a changed man. All zest in the thing was gone. His fraud set him above the world; and that was now enough for him, in whom ambition was now dead, and indeed nothing left alive in him but deep regrets.

He drew in the horns of speculation, and went on in the same old safe routine; and to the safe restless activity that had jeopardized the firm, succeeded a strange torpidity. He wore black for Helen; and sorrowed without hope. He felt he had offended Heaven, and had met his punishment in Helen's death.

Wardlaw senior retired to Elm Trees, and seldom saw his son. When they did meet the old man sometimes whispered hope, but the whisper was faint and unheeded.

One day Wardlaw senior came up express, to communicate to Arthur a letter from General Rolleston, written at Valparaiso. In this letter General Rolleston deplored his unsuccessful search; but said he was going westward, upon the report of a Dutch whaler, who had seen an island reflected in the sky, while sailing between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Isle.

Arthur only shook his head with a ghastly smile. "She is in Heaven," said he, "and I shall never see her again, neither here nor hereafter."

Wardlaw senior was shocked at this speech; but he made no reply. He pitied his son too much to criticize the expressions into which his bitter grief betrayed him. He was old, and had seen the triumphs of time over all things human sorrow included. These however, as yet, had had done nothing for Arthur Wardlaw. At the end of six months his grief was as sombre and deadly as the first week.

But one day, as this pale figure in deep mourning sat at his table, going listlessly and mechanically through the business of scraping money together for others to enjoy, whose hearts, unlike his, might not be in the grave, his father burst in upon him with a telegram in his hand, and waved it over his head in

triumph. "She is found! she is found!" he roared: "read that," and thrust the telegram into his hands.

Those hands trembled, and the languid voice rose into shrieks of astonishment and delight, as Arthur read the words, "We have got her alive and well: shall he be at Charing Cross Hotel, 8 P.M."

CHAPTER XIV.

Whilst the boat was going to the Springbok, General Rolleston whispered to Captain Moreland, and what he said may be almost guessed from what occurred on board the steamer soon afterwards. Helen was carried trembling to the cabin, and the order was given to heave the anchor and get under way. A groan of disappointment ran through the ship; Captain Moreland expressed the General's regret to the men, and divided £200 upon the captain; and the groan ended with a cheer.

As for Helen's condition, that was at first mistaken for ill health. She buried herself for two whole days in her cabin; and from that place faint moans were heard now and then. The sailors called her the sick lady.

Heaven knows what she went through in that forty-eight hours.

She came upon deck at last in a strange state of mind and body; restless, strung up, absorbed. The rare vigor she had acquired on the island came out now with a vengeance. She walked the deck with briskness, and a pertinacity that awakened admiration in the crew at first, but by-and-by superstitious awe. For while the untiring feet went to and fro over leagues and leagues of plank every day, the great hazel eyes were turned inwards, and the mind, absorbed with one idea, skimmed the men and things about her listlessly.

She had a mission to fulfil, and her whole nature was stringing itself up to do the work.

She walked so many miles a day, partly from excitement, partly with a deliberate resolve to cherish her health and strength; "I may want them both," said she, "to clear Robert Penfold." Thought and high purpose shone through her so, that after awhile nobody dared trouble her much with common-places. To her father she was always sweet and filial; but sadly cold compared with what she had always been hitherto. He was taking her body to England, but her heart stayed behind upon that island: he saw this and said it.

"Forgive me," said she, coldly and that was all her reply. Sometimes she had violent passions of weeping; and then he would endeavor to console her: but in vain. They ran their course, and were succeeded by the bodily activity and concentration of purpose they had interrupted for a little while.

At last, after a rapid voyage, they drew near the English coast; and then General Rolleston, who had hitherto spared her feelings, and been most indulgent and considerate, felt it was high time to come to an understanding with her as to the course they should both pursue.

"Now Helen," said he, "about the Wardlaws!"

Helen gave a slight shudder. But she said, after a slight hesitation. "Let me know your wishes."

"Oh, mine are, not to be too ungrateful to the father, and not to deceive the son."

"I will not be ungrateful to the father, nor deceive the son," said Helen, firmly.

The General kissed her on the brow, and called her his brave girl. "But," said he, "on the other hand it must not be published that you have been for eight months on an island with a convict. Anything sooner than that. You know the malice of your own sex; if one of the ladies, who kiss you at every visit, gets hold of that, you will be an outcast from society."

Helen blushed and trembled. "Nobody need be told that but Arthur; and I am sure he loves me well enough not to injure me with the world."

"But he would be justified in declining your hand, after such a revelation."

"Quite. And I hope he will decline it, when he knows I love another, however hopelessly."

"You are going to tell Arthur Wardlaw all that?"

"I am."

"Then all I can say is, you are not like other women."

"I have been brought up by a man."

"If I was Arthur Wardlaw, it would be the last word you should ever speak to me."

"If you were Arthur Wardlaw, I should be on that dear island now."